

Pro. I likewise heare that *Valentine* is dead.
Sil. And so suppose am I; for in her graue
 Assure thy selfe, my loue is buried.
Pro. Sweet Lady, let me take it from the earth.
Sil. Goe to thy Ladies graue and call hers thence,
 Or at the least, in hers, sepulcher thine.
Jul. He heard not that.
Pro. Madam: if your heart be so obdurate:
 Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my loue,
 The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:
 To that ile speake, to that ile sigh and weepe:
 For since the substance of your perfect selfe
 Is else deuoted, I am but a shadow;
 And to your shadow, will I make true loue.
Jul. If 'twere a substance you would sure deceiue it;
 And make it but a shadow, as I am.
Sil. I am very loath to be your Idoll Sir;
 But, since your falsehood shall become you well,
 To worship shadowes, and adore false shapes,
 Sead to me in the morning, and ile send it
 And so, good rest.
Pro. As wretches haue ore night:
 That wait for execution in the morne,
Jul. Heff, will you goe?
Ho. By my hallidome, I was fast asleepe.
Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir *Protheus*?
Ho. Marry, at my house:
 Trust me, I thinke 'tis almost day.
Jul. Not so: but it hath bin the longest night
 That ere I watch'd, and the most beaueit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Eglamore, Silvia.
Eg. This is the houre that Madam *Silvia*
 Entreated me to call, and know her miade:
 Ther's some great matter she'd employ me in.
 Madam, Madam.
Sil. Who calls?
Eg. Your seruant, and your friend;
 One that attends your Ladiships command.
Sil. Sir *Eglamore*, a thousand times good morrow.
Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your selfe:
 According to your Ladiships impose,
 I am thus early come, to know what seruice
 It is your pleasure to command me in.
Sil. Oh *Eglamore*, thou art a Gentleman:
 Thinke not I flatter (for I sweare I doe not)
 Valiant, wise, remorse-full, well accomplish'd.
 Thou art not ignorant what deere good will
 I beare vnto the banish'd *Valentine*:
 Nor how my father would enforce me marry
 Vaine *Thurio* (whom my very soule abhor'd).
 Thy selfe hast lou'd, and I haue heard thee say
 No griefe did euer come so neere thy heart,
 As when thy Lady, and thy true-loue dide,
 Vpon whose Graue thou vow'dst pure chastitie:
 Sir *Eglamore*: I would to *Valentine*
 To *Mantua*, where I heare, he makes abroad;
 And for the waies are dangerous to passe,
 I doe desire thy worthy company,

Vpon whose faith and honor, I repose,
 Vnge nor my fathers anger (*Eglamore*)
 But thinke vpon my griefe (a Ladies griefe)
 And on the iustice of my flying hence,
 To keepe me from a most vnholly match,
 Which heauen and fortune still rewards with plagues,
 I doe desire thee, euen from a heart
 As full of sorrowes, as the Sea of sands,
 To beare me company, and goe with me
 If not, to hide what I haue said to thee,
 That I may venture to depart alone.
Egl. Madam, I pittie much your griuances,
 Which, since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
 I giue consent to goe along with you,
 Wreaking as little what betideth me,
 As much, I with all good befotune you.
 When will you goe?
Sil. This euening coming.
Eg. Where shall I meete you?
Sil. At *Frier Patrick's* Cell,
 Where I intend holy Confession.
Eg. I will not faile your Ladiship:
 Good morrow (gentle Lady).
Sil. Good morrow, kinde Sir *Eglamore*.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Laurence, Protheus, Julia, Silvia.
La. When a mans seruant shall play the Cur with
 him (looke you) it goes hard: one that I brought vp of
 a puppy: one that I sau'd from drowning, when three or
 foure of his blinde brothers and sisters went to it: I haue
 taught him (euen as one would say precisely, thus I
 would teach a dog) I was sent to deliuer him, as a pre-
 sent to *Mistress Silvia*, from my Master; and I came no
 sooner into the dyning-chamber, but he steps me to her
 Trencher, and steales her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule
 thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himselfe in all compa-
 nies: I would haue (as one should say) one that takes vp-
 on him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all
 things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault
 vpon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd
 for't: sure as I liue he had suffer'd for't: you shall iudge:
 Hee thrusts me himselfe into the company of three or
 foure gentleman-like-dogs, vnder the Dukes table: hee
 had not bin there (blessed the marke) a pissing while, but
 all the chamber smelt him: out with the dog (saies one)
 what cur is that (saies another) whip him out (saies the
 third) hang him vp (saies the Duke.) I hauing bin ac-
 quainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and
 goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend
 (quoth I) you meane to whip the dog: I marry doe I
 (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas
 I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoe,
 but whips me out of the chamber: how many Masters
 would doe this for his Seruant? nay, ile be sworne I haue
 sat in the stocks, for puddings he hath stolne, otherwise
 he had bin executed: I haue stood on the Pillorie for
 Geefe he hath kil'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't: thou
 thinke'st not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you
 seru'd me, when I tooke my leaue of Madam *Silvia*: did

not I bid thee still marke me, and doe as I do; when did'st
 thou see me heaue vp my leg, and make water against a
 Gentlewoman's farthingale? did'st thou euer see me doe
 such a tricke?
Pro. *Sebastian* is thy name: I like thee well,
 And will imploie thee in some seruice presently.
Jul. In what you please, ile doe what I can.
Pro. I hope thou wilt.
 How now you whor-son pezzant,
 Where haue you bin these two dayes loytering?
La. Marry Sir, I carried *Mistress Silvia* the dogge you
 bad me.
Pro. And what saies she to my little Iewell?
La. Marry she saies your dog was a cur, and tels you
 currish thanks is good enough for such a present.
Pro. But she receiue'd my dog?
La. No indeede did she not:
 Here haue I brought him backe againe.
Pro. What didst thou offer her this from me?
La. I Sir, the other *Squirrell* was stolne from me
 By the Hangmans boyes in the market place,
 And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog
 As big as ten of yours, & therefore the guift the greater.
Pro. Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe,
 Or nere retorne againe into my sight.
 Away, I say: stayest thou to vex me here;
 A Slaue, that still an end, turnes me to shame:
Sebastian, I haue entertained thee,
 Partly that I haue neede of such a youth,
 That can with some discretion doe my businesse:
 For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish Lowt;
 But chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,
 Which (if my Augury deceiue me not)
 Witnesse good bringing vp, fortune, and truth:
 Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee.
 Go presently, and take this Ring with thee,
 Deliuer it to Madam *Silvia*;
 She lou'd me well, deliuer'd it to me.
Jul. It seemes you lou'd not her, not leaue her token:
 She is dead belike?
Pro. Not so: I thinke she liues.
Jul. Alas.
Pro. Why do'st thou cry alas?
Jul. I cannot choose but pittie her.
Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pittie her?
Jul. Because, me thinks that she lou'd you as well
 As you doe loue your Lady *Silvia*:
 She dreames on him, that has forgot her loue,
 You doate on her, that cares not for your loue.
 'Tis pittie Loue, should be so contrary:
 And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.
Pro. Well: giue her that Ring, and therewithall
 This Letter: that's her chamber: Tell my Lady,
 I claime the promise for her heavenly Picture:
 Your message done, hye home vnto my chamber,
 Where thou shalt finde me sad, and solitarie.
Jul. How many women would doe such a message?
 Alas poore *Protheus*, thou hast entertain'd
 A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs;
 Alas, poore foole, why doe I pittie him
 That with his very heart despiseth me?
 Because he loues her, he despiseth me,
 Because I loue him, I must pittie him.
 This Ring I gaue him, when he parted from me,
 To binde him to remember my good will:
 And now am I (vnhappy Messenger)

To plead for that, which I would not obtraine;
 To carry that, which I would haue refus'd:
 To praise his faith, which I would haue disprais'd.
 I am my Masters true confirmed Loue,
 But cannot be true seruant to my Master,
 Vnlesse I proue false traitor to my selfe.
 Yet will I weep for him, but yet so coldly,
 As (heauen it knowes) I would not haue him speed.
 Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my meane
 To bring me where to speake with Madam *Silvia*.
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?
Jul. If you be she, I doe intreat your patience
 To heare me speake the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my Master, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.
Sil. Oh: he sends you for a Picture?
Jul. I, Madam.
Sil. *Vrsula*, bring my Picture there;
 Goe, giue your Master this: tell him from me,
 One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget
 Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.
Jul. Madam, please you peruse this Letter;
 Pardon me (Madam) I haue vnaduiz'd
 Deliuer'd you a paper that I should not;
 This is the Letter to your Ladiship.
Sil. I pray thee let me looke on that againe.
Jul. It may not be: good Madam pardon me.
Sil. There, hold:
 I will not looke vpon your Masters lines:
 I know they are stufte with protestations,
 And full of new-found oathes, which he will breake
 As easily, as I doe teare his paper.
Jul. Madam, he sends your Ladiship this Ring.
Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me;
 For I haue heard him say a thousand times,
 His *Julia* gaue it him, at his departure:
 Though his false finger haue prophan'd the Ring,
 Mine shall not doe his *Julia* so much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What saist thou?
Jul. I thanke you Madam, that you tender her:
 Poore Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much.
Sil. Do'st thou know her?
Jul. Almost as well as I doe know my selfe.
 To thinke vpon her woes, I doe protest
 That I haue wept a hundred seuerall times.
Sil. Belike she thinks that *Protheus* hath forsok her?
Jul. I thinke she doth: and that's her cause of sorrow.
Sil. Is she not passing faire?
Jul. She hath bin fairer (Madam) then she is;
 When she did thinke my Master lou'd her well;
 She, in my iudgement, was as faire as you:
 But since she did neglect her looking-glasse,
 And threw her Sun-expelling Masque away,
 The ayre hath staru'd the roses in her cheekes,
 And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
 That now she is become as blacke as I.
Sil. How tall was she?
Jul. About my stature: for at *Pentecost*,
 When all our Pageants of delight were plaid,
 Our youth got me to play the womans part,
 And I was trim'd in Madam *Julias* gowne,
 Which seru'd me as fit, by all mens iudgements,
 As if the garment had bin made for me:
 Therefore I know she is about my height,
 And at that time I made her weepe a good

For